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The Musical Drama and the Works of Richard Wagner.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EDOUARD SCHURE.

For a period of more than twenty years Richard Wagner has carried on in Germany an open warfare against the established opera. The strife endures to this day, and has never ceased to excite profound interest in the literary and musical world. The ardor and the perseverance of the composer, the growing reputation of his works, the very storms that have assailed them, prove to the impartial spectator that there is at work there not only an impetuous personality and an extraordinary talent, but also an Idea. If this were not so, how is it possible to explain the stormy enthusiasm which, nineteen years ago, at Weimar, greeted the appearance of "Lohengrin," and the war cries which rang at the same instant from all the camps of criticism? In the lofty regions of Art the attempts of impudent charlatany perish speedily before the cool indifference with which they are received; it is the privilege of ideas truly new and precious to draw down upon themselves all forms of opposition, and to meet in fierce conflict the most implacable animosities. Richard Wagner, let us own frankly, is, towards the opera, a revolutionary radical. This every one knows, but friends and enemies alike ignore, or but vaguely suspect what is the object the artist has in view in this revolution, what the mother idea, be it true or false, which presides over his works, for which he strives as poet and as composer, as *chef* and as author, for which during thirty years he has lavished all the energy of a fiery and masterful temperament, so that this Idea, this reformation is embodied in himself and his name is its banner. The presentation on the stage of "The Master-Singers," in every point of view an original and interesting work, gives us new occasion to look fairly in the face a man too often rashly judged, and who should command our serious attention by these rare merits of his, the love of high art, carried even to the point of fanaticism, the courage to maintain his opinion to the end,—finally, a life consecrated to an Idea. Let us judge this Idea by the last work which he has brought forward in Germany, let us examine the sentiments of this work, its characters, the thought which animates it, the rôle which the music plays in the development of character and the unfolding of the plot. We may then inquire if we are in the presence of a hesitating, unequal, uncertain work of art, lighted only with flashes of genius, or of a true musical drama, free and fearless, sure in every footstep, and going straight forward to its intended end. Before speaking of "The Master-Singers," it is desirable to glance back over the road which the composer has resolutely followed from his *début* to the present hour. In a brief sketch of an artist-life, one of the most adventurous and characteristic of our times, it is our intention not only to paint the living man, but to

bring his works into full light. Richard Wagner is, as we have said, the champion of an Idea. One only judges an Idea fairly in watching it spring into existence; one judges a combatant by seeing him fight.

I.

If ever a musician's career was stormy, his was; if ever a dramatic poet pursued his ideal through obstacles and snares, he did. Richard Wagner is one of those passionate, imperious, absolute natures, which carry with them, in the energy of their instincts, the secret of their future fate. Along his destined way he has walked steadily, with unalterable conviction and ever-increasing faith. Hence the dramatic interest which attaches itself to this militant artist-life; hence also, in his works, a strict sequence, a certain remarkable progression, which is vainly sought in the works of contemporary masters.

Richard Wagner was born at Leipsic in 1813. So his youth fell upon the vexed days of 1830. At that epoch, all young heads were seething with the thousand ideas that filled the atmosphere. There was a tumult in literature, an effervescence in arts; painters, poets, musicians, desired to make innovations, to return to first principles, to create anew from the beginning. In France there were two camps, the classic and the romantic. In Germany, you might count ten, twenty, a hundred, as many schools as there were men, but of all, not one master who, conquering, could stamp the age as his own; for Goethe was now eighty years of age, and Time, in the words of Mme. de Staél, had made him only a looker-on. On the stage, a decline is apparent, the public has come to prefer the melodramas of the school of Kotzebue and of Iffland to the masterpieces of Schiller and Goethe. In music, tastes vary, but above all novelty is desired. Beethoven is admired side by side with Bellini; Weber along with Auber. Imagine the tumult of sensations which must seize upon the mind of a sensitive child, born just in the midst of this whirlwind. He grew up in this burning atmosphere, and the fever of the age entered into his veins. All manner of currents acted upon him, but, wonderful to observe, no one swept him away. At the age of six months he lost his father, and his mother, leaving him much to himself, he was very early given over to his own control. The child, self-willed, odd and unruly, would endure no master. At school he would only study when a thing interested him; but then, with what enthusiasm! He was to learn the piano, but shortly sent off his teacher, saying he would learn music his own way. The theatrical performances of Dresden gave him no pleasure; only painted comedians, he said, not men at all. But the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, which he translated at his *gymnase*, moved him deeply. This vision of the ancient theatre, with its heroes and demi-gods, its chorus of religious majesty, its vast amphitheatre and nation listening attentive, struck his imagination and remained indelible in

his memory. From that time his vocation for the drama was distinctly evident, arising not from observation of the actual world, but from an intense poetic emotion, a passionate impulse towards an ideal, and the desire to make manifest this ideal in all its splendor.—in one word, to give it life. With him there was no trace of sentimental languor, of sickly sord-singing. Before the dreaming eye of the youth floated wondrous creatures, radiant fairies, sublime heroes, souls overflowing with love. The contrast of these dazzling visions with reality did not reduce him to despondency, but waked in him a haughty revolt and defiance. These visions became his reality; he believed in them, he talked of them, and even then saw them take actual form. Intense aspiration towards an ideal world, and the irresistible need of making others see it also, nervous force, ardor of soul in conception and savage energy in bringing into form, these are most striking traits in this artist-organization. At fifteen he wrote drama upon drama, and his comrades, one and all, acknowledged the future poet.

One evening he heard a Symphony of Beethoven. He listened, fascinated. The music astonished, troubled him, moved him intensely, transported him out of himself; indeed, to a musical temperament, these symphonies are the most astounding of revelations. A young sculptor who had seen but the timid creations of modern art, and who should be suddenly brought before the tragic marbles of Michael Angelo, would scarcely experience such violent emotion. What tongue, even that of Homer, has given utterance to the voices of nature with more seductive spell than the Pastoral Symphony, from the whisper of the brook to the wild uproar of the sudden storm? What poet has sung of liberty with more enchanting eloquence than the composer of the Symphony in C minor where the soul of a Prometheus seems by turns to weep and to roar, to console his brethren, or to break their chains? The poet of fifteen was not alone taken captive by these prophetic accents; he saw opened to himself a new world, the world of music, where man, freed from the fetters of any individual language, finds expression with all the energy that is in him, in a speech common to all. He seemed to hear human voices in these instruments whose despairing complaints, whose cries of joy called out to each other, made answer, strove together, or rushed forward with a common impulse; he seemed to see a vast heroic poem unfold itself in each Symphony. Henceforth, he felt it at once, poetry was not enough. Compared with these brilliant and victorious vibrations of the soul which make the power of music, poetic diction appeared to him poor, cold, incomplete. To give utterance to the grand emotions of his soul, nothing less than the language of Beethoven would suffice. The change was like a thunder-stroke, a gracious, yet terrible coming of the new Muse who henceforth took possession of the youth. "One evening," he says himself, "I heard performed a Symphony of Beethoven; in the night

I had an attack of fever and became ill; after my recovery I was a musician." He now throws himself into music as heretofore into poetry; for two years he is given up to it body and soul. Harmony, *contrepoint*, instrumentation, he studied all with passion that is almost frenzy. "Should one be able to compose a fugue?" he said one day to his teacher. "Do not do it often, but know how to do it," said the wise musician. Three days later, his pupil brought him one of the most complicated of fugues, and the old kapellmeister was filled with amazement. At seventeen Richard Wagner had composed a crowd of Sonatas, many Overtures, and a Symphony. The poet seemed changed and forever into the composer.

This was by no means the case; in an unexpected manner the poet re-appeared. This occurred upon hearing *Der Freischütz*. This first truly popular and bravely national German opera would be sure to make a profound impression upon a nature eager for emancipation and the eternal verities! But who can be insensible to its charm? The breath of the wild woods blowing through it must refresh and strengthen every heart. Agatha's songs, combining native frankness and maidenly purity, fired all the youth of that day with admiration. That which in this masterpiece of Weber was especially attractive to Richard Wagner, was the wonderful unanimity of musical effect and poetical effect in certain passages. Nothing surely exists more dramatic than the repetition of the *motif* of Samiel each time that the seducer appears. When the red spectre of the Demon of the Woods passes behind Max along in the sombre edge of the forest, and the violoncellos take up their phrase, tempting as desire, rampant and haughty like Satan, it seems as if all the powers of darkness laid siege to the troubled soul of the hunter. This effect and many others revealed to the musician the dramatic power of his art. Directly he also must write an opera, and he shortly planned, wrote and composed *Les Fees*. Verse and music flowed from his pen as from a common source; this has ever been characteristic of Wagner. From this moment the poet and the composer, coming into life in the same individual and developing separately, were united to each other, never more to separate. An irresistible instinct, a magnetic charm drew them together; advancing side by side they grew into one, and were united forever to the same ideal. This is the great originality of Richard Wagner; this it is which gives him a place apart in the history of the opera. We are not in the presence of a composer pure and simple; those who look at him in this light see him only from one side, and judge him falsely. To appreciate his value and the boldness of his conceptions, it should never be forgotten that he is at the same time a true poet and a true musician. Had he written only the words of his operas, the first of these titles could not have been denied him. On the other hand, had he composed only his Overtures and his Preludes, the second would have been his by right; but in him the poet and the composer dream, labor, create, together. It is impossible to say where one ends or the other begins. Richard Wagner, when he writes a verse in the glow of inspiration, hears already singing in his brain the melody which shall be joined to it, and as he sketches a symphonic fragment, sees clearly in advance the scenic tableau

of which it shall be the accompaniment. An exceptional organization, unique in its kind, where two ruling faculties, poetic invention and the need of musical expression, instead of acting in opposition to each other, converge by their own energy, and unite to the same point, the musical drama.

At twenty-three, Richard Wagner became *chef d'orchestre* at the theatre in Riga. It was necessary to gain a livelihood, and to advance in his career. From a brilliant centre of literary and musical life the young composer found himself suddenly sent away to the shores of the Baltic, to a foreign city, and a dull, monotonous existence. Here, amid the labors of his profession and the trifling broils of a petty theatre, he commenced, following the novel of Bulwer, his first grand opera, *Rienzi*, which has just been performed at the Theatre Lyrique in Paris. A proud Tribune, dreaming of the old austere Republic, while the corrupted Rome of the papal time surrounded him; a great character filled all full of a great thought; a great heart glowing with patriotism, at war with its brutal and vulgar surroundings, encouraged in his hopes and faith only by his brave enthusiastic sister, like himself, Re-publican to the heart's core, borne for an instant by the popular wave to the possession of power, then struck down in the height of his triumph by the pontifical thunders, betrayed by a selfish nobility, flouted by the populace who had applauded him, and falling dead upon the threshold of his burning house, the last of the Roman Tribunes:—this was truly a subject for a mind attracted by grand and stately themes. *Rienzi* is the work of a young man, very unequal indeed, but full of fire and passion, of bold and brilliant compass. The reformatory ideas of the author do not appear in it; it is strictly in accordance with the traditions of the opera. Full choruses, resounding marches, trios, *septuor*, *ballet*, nothing is missing. In writing the text, the author thought only of making a good opera *libretto*. Now and then an energetic verse, a rapid dialogue, a striking scene, answers keen as a knife-blade, denotes dramatic talent. The music reminds one of Italian and of French models; still the individuality of the composer shines in the heroic pride of his grand melodies as well as in the warmth and richness of his instrumental coloring. In fine, *Rienzi* is the work of an independent master, without being that of an innovator upon the established rules of the musical drama.

How then to bring out suitably an opera such as this, Richard Wagner asked himself impatiently, at his desk in the shabby theatre of Riga, with its second-rate performers and its patched-up scenery. *Rienzi* required an extensive stage, well-tried singers, splendid decorations, in fact all the resources of a first-class theatre. Where to find such, and how, being found, to obtain it? The eyes of the composer turned to that brilliant centre which dazzled all Europe, toward Paris. He resolved to go thither and try his fortune. His friends accused him of folly and all tried to dissuade him. Useless task! Richard Wagner was not a man of subterfuges and half measures. The same vital force which ruled his artistic creations, impelled him in the decisions of actual life, and armed him with a will of iron. What will people say, and what will become of me? These questions, which hold back the majority of men on the brink of dangerous ventures, never

with him were able to stifle the inner voice more powerful than all, which said at the destined moment, it must be. In this case it was no sooner said than done. He gave in his resignation at Riga, and embarked for Paris, scarcely able to speak French at all, without letters of introduction, almost without resources. This rash enterprise was sure to overwhelm him with bitter disappointments, but these very disappointments brought him to the knowledge of his own strength.

The voyage was stormy. It was a sad foreshadowing of the fate threatening the audacious artist in the grand capital. A violent storm drove the vessel upon the Norwegian coast, and it was necessary to put into a *fjord* for shelter. It was in the flashes of the storm, in the cries of the sailors, in the roaring of the waves against the rugged Scandinavian sea-coast, that the idea of *The Phantom Ship* first arose in the poet's mind; but the sombre ship itself, with its blood-red sails and its sad captain, passed before him, rapid as an arrow's flight, revealed for an instant in the glare of the lightening. It came back to haunt him, three years later, when bitterly deceived, alone in a land of strangers, he felt himself also lost upon a shoreless sea, with no other horizon than misery and despair.

In 1839, Richard Wagner, then twenty-six years of age, arrived in Paris, with the firm resolution of bending himself to all the necessities of his precarious position, and the varied demands of Parisian society. First of all, it was needful for him to make acquaintances in the musical world. He presented himself frankly, without introduction, related his story and explained his plans. Without doubt many were surprised at the naïve simplicity of this course of action. However this may be, many warm friends he found, but nowhere a powerful patron. The directors of the theatres advised him, in a friendly way, to seek a *librettiste* to translate his *Rienzi*; the *librettistes*, on their part, advised him to seek first a favorable director. Months passed. Wearyed out, he began to translate himself, with the aid of a friend, his *Novice of Palermo* for a third-rate theatre. When all was finished, revised, and corrected, it was found that his subject was not sufficiently amusing, and so the piece was refused. Without yielding to discouragement, he began to compose romances for public singers, hoping thus to get a footing in the Parisian musical society; but it was hard to match his free, large melodies with the words of French songs, and so that failed. Driven by absolute need, he went so far as to offer to compose the music for a *boulevard vaudeville*; the jealousy of others deprived him even of this last resource. But one must live. He resigned himself to arranging opera-airs for the *cornet à piston*. At the same time he wrote for the *Musical Gazette* various critiques and romances, especially a "Pilgrimage to the home of Beethoven," and "The Fate of a Musician in Paris," where he described his own misfortunes, not without humor. His hero finished by dying of hunger; he himself scarcely escaped this tragic dénouement.

One can well imagine how bitter all these humiliations were to an artist full of the loftiest aspirations. How many noble and generous natures have been used, degraded, broken, in these enervating struggles! One might suppose that Wagner lost somewhat of heart and energy

in it all. But no! he dipped himself therein, and bronzed himself for life. After the painful and often merely mechanical labor of the day, in a situation without hope of advance, weighed down by solitude so melancholy to the stranger in a gay and busy city, he went on with his own work for entire nights. His enthusiasm was never extinguished, his courage redoubled, and to preserve still his allegiance to the noblest kinds of music, he composed an *Overture to Faust* and also finished his *Rienzi*. The work finished, he made a last attempt to succeed with it at the Opera. It was useless, all the doors were closed to him. Two years of desperate effort had come only to this.

At such a moment many artists yield to despair and blow their brains out. The greater number abandon the cherished idea and become the obedient slaves of fashion. It was a wonderful thing in this man, need we hesitate to say it, it was to his honor beyond the power of words to express, that at this fateful moment he did not yield. Instead of lamenting to his friends, who were more cast down than himself, he withdrew quietly into the solitude which his misfortune made for him, and, alone in the profound night from which so many brilliant stars had faded one by one, he swore to the ideal within him a faith still more ardent, a devotion more absolute. The legend of the Phantom Ship reappeared before his eyes, fascinated him as if it were the spectre of his own destiny, and seized upon his imagination with a tyrannical force. Having broken the links which held him to his native land in the intoxication of boundless hopes, a wanderer among strangers who were almost enemies, not knowing whither need might drive him, or into what sombre future chance would carry him, how naturally it came to him, this recent sympathy for the gloomy sailor, wandering accursed of God! At this moment the dazzling vision of fame disappeared before the imperial Genius of Inspiration. He must give to the world this idea which filled his mind, he must give life and speech to this sad hero, unhappy, but unconquered, whom he already loved as a brother. No matter for the rest. Alone, obscure, without further thought, without hope of success, he began his work. Music came to his aid, he felt himself a free man and a poet for the first time; free, because he broke loose from the conventional forms of the opera under the inspiration of a ruling sentiment; a poet, because he gave himself unreservedly to his idea, and was absorbed in it.

By this work, more spontaneous, more fiery than all the others, the artist entered into a new sphere; he touched land and came into his kingdom; after having long sought a region favorable to the drama of which he dreamed, he finally found it in the popular myth. Let us recall briefly the legend of the Phantom Ship, and let us see how it reappears in the opera. The story made itself up among the sailors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in their dangerous expeditions over unknown seas. A captain was determined to get round a certain cape in spite of wind and sea. A hundred times he was driven back, and a hundred times he returned to the charge, swearing in his anger that he would persist in his attempts, were it to all eternity. The devil heard him, and took him at his word, and he was condemned to wander from one pole to the other over the stormy ocean,

accursed of God, terror of men, messenger of shipwreck to vessels in distress. This tradition exists among all sea-faring people, and it is called in Germany *Der fliegende Holländer*, because the ship flies forever like the storm wind over a boundless and shoreless sea. Wagner taking up this myth has colored it with his own emotions, has given it a shape more dramatic, and a more elevated meaning. According to his conception, the flying Dutchman is a second wandering Jew, scudding across the seas towards a country that he seeks vainly, with untiring desire, a land of home and peace, his own hearth stone, his own fireside. The fatality of his restless soul weighs upon him as a curse. No nation will receive him, all shores cast him out, the very corsair flees from him, making the holy sign. He has defied the ocean, and ocean will never again let him go; he has evoked the spirit of the abyss, and Satan has condemned him to live in his human form forever. One night an angel of God comes to him in the storm and promises him deliverance if a woman will love him even to death. Every seven years he is suffered to land, and to ask the hand of some maiden of the country. Alas! no one of them all will consent to follow him to his black ship; each in turn at the last moment plays him false; so his faith in human pity and love goes out entirely. One desire alone remains to him, to rush into annihilation; one hope only, that the world itself may one day be destroyed. "The time expires: again seven years are passed like a storm. Wearied of me, the sea casts me back upon the earth; alas! fierce ocean, thou shalt again receive me! I can endure and master thine anger, but eternal is my suffering. Never shall I find the salvation which I seek upon the earth. O wild waves, girding the earth, I shall remain yours till your last billow is shattered, and your last drop is dry." There is, however, one heart that beats for this unhappy sailor; one woman will devote herself to him; it is Senta, daughter of Captain Daland. By a secret affinity of the soul, this young Norwegian girl loves this man whom all fear, before she has ever seen his face. All the world fears him and hates him because he is unfortunate and the bringer of misfortune; but just because he is thus miserable, she loves him with all the powers of her soul. It is a bold and striking scene where Senta, a prey to prophetic frenzy, sings the ballad of the Dutchman in the presence of her alarmed companion. She sings it in a sort of wild sympathy, and devotes herself to him in an outburst of sublime pity. At this moment he arrives, brought by the father of Senta. She recognizes him and swears to him eternal fidelity. The marriage approaches, but at the last moment he finds her with Eric, the hunter, who is seeking to detain her. The Dutchman believes her faithless, as all the others have been; doubt and despair again take possession of his soul; he rushes to his ship crying adieu forever to the land; but Senta, seeing him fly, casts herself into the sea to go to him. At this moment the fatal vessel goes down, Senta dies with her lost lover, and the love which unites them is so grand, so heroic, that the spectators are not too greatly surprised to see the two, henceforth inseparable, rise above the stormy waves radiant with glory, while the orchestra, changing from the fury of the sea, triumphs in the redemption which the love of Senta has wrought.

It is easy to see much that is unusual and much that is incomplete in this embodiment of an Idea. The hero is in such fantastic surroundings that one scarcely guesses at first the deep humanity of his nature; likewise, the passage from the real world to that of symbolic mystery is exceedingly abrupt. For all that, the idea is beautiful, the situation pathetic, and the inspiration harmonious and genuine. As to the music, it contains as yet no remarkable innovations. There is often a lack of clearness in the meaning of the orchestra, the declamation is at times monotonous, and hesitations occur between the recitative and the air. The novelty of this music is in the effect it produces. If ever the gloomy rhythm of the implacable sea has been expressed with terrible truth, it is in the first act; it is heard like the voice of the Styx, the eternal growl of the waves that will never relent nor forgive. And on the other hand, what inner peace, what infinite gentleness in the song of Senta, a melody of angelic sweetness and trust, always accompanied by the harp, and unveiling to us every instant the heart of the heroine! This violent contrast between the despairing sailor under the eternal ban, and the young girl, loving, eager for self-sacrifice, who will save him from his misery; this strange, magnetic sympathy between boundless grief and woe on the one hand, and boundless love on the other; these two souls which attract each other, which cling together and find in death the supreme blessedness, this is the drama itself. In most operas the words are only to furnish a pretext for the music; here the music exists solely to bring out the drama. Refusing every hint to wander, it attaches faithfully to the words, accentuates by characteristic motifs the master-passions of the characters, gives color to the scenes and fills out the *tableaux*. And this is as it should be; if the musical drama is to be consistent with itself, music must add itself to acting only to strengthen the emotion, to sustain the action, to vivify the poetry. It was the idea of Gluck; Wagner has brought it forward again and strengthened it. The *Phantom Ship* is his first step in this path. He will arrive at *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* by no system whatever, solely by the force of his dramatic instinct.

(To be Continued).

The Piano in the House.

[From The Pall Mall Gazette.]

The manner in which the British public, "which moveth all together if it move at all," adopts *en masse* this or that novelty in time killing by a system of mutual imitation, is not more remarkable than the constancy of its favor for certain articles, fashion and custom turning them into absolute necessities." It is the correct thing to have a piano in your drawing-room, as much as to have an armchair. The furnishing is incomplete without it. You may have no ear for music, you may even regard with horror, as did Ella, the measured and apportioned concatenation of noises called by that name, but you must have a piano nevertheless. Fashion in a town mansion, respectability in a suburban cottage, alike demand it. Hence the immense and increasing outlay upon these instruments, from the modest twenty-five guinea "cottage," warranted (to disappoint you in every way), up to that noblest of its species, the hundred and eighty guinea "grand." Hence, also, innumerable prancings thereupon, carried on especially at our evening re-unions with a regularity, an absence of interest, and a futility of meaning, which must surely be puzzling to visitors from other climes. One can imagine the court circles of Siam or Java enlightened by their ambassadors in this wise: "These people in the North have another most singular custom. In all their dwellings we found a cunningly devised framework of polished wood, the abode of strange and indescribable sounds, called forth upon applying the hands

violently to certain black and white levers systematically arranged in groups, having apparently some symbolical signification. When these people meet to entertain each other, rational discourse is continually interrupted by one or other of the guests being compelled by the rest to operate violently upon this machine. We often felt for those (and they were chiefly females) who were so treated. There was evidently some disgrace attached to it, as they always hung back with many pleadings and excuses, until absolutely forced to the machine; when the rest of the company, apparently from motives of delicacy, turned backs on the victim, and talked loud and cheerfully to distract attention from her. In vain we labored to discover the origin and the meaning of this singular superstition, which probably has a religious origin," etc.

Englishmen are sometimes conscious of a similar bewilderment when their attention is distracted by the current kind of "drawing-room music" with its conversational accompaniments. More or less we have all writhed under the fantasies of the young lady with a brilliant left hand, have shuddered at the advent of the person (generally a curate or a young person in the civil service) who "plays a little," and have wondered at the hostess's "thank you, that is so charming." And in moments like these, most of us have pondered why it is that this peculiar form of musical art should be degraded into a wretched clap-trap exhibition, to be wreaked upon unoffending people who accept invitations given with apparent kindness and good faith. Why is the piano, of all other instruments, to be a *corpus vile* for all persons, with or without musical organization, to play fantastic tricks upon? A man does not learn to play upon the organ or the violin unless he feels moved thereto by some special faculty, some innate yearning. With the piano, we begin by making it a necessary article of furniture; and when we have got it, of course we must show that we know what is done with such things. It is the pride, the ambition, the business of ladies to be agreeable and entertaining in the drawing room; music is agreeable; therefore the manipulation of the piano must be part of a "finished" young lady's education. A boy may have a sincere love and an obvious taste for music, and find under our present system of school and university education scarcely any encouragement for his taste or opportunity for his talent; rather it will be stigmatized by grave and reverend seignors as a mischievous temptation, incompatible with serious aims in life. But let a girl betray the most hopeless incapacity for comprehending either harmony or melody—it is all one, learn she must. It is part of her education, of her duty in life, that she should be able to play a rattling fantasia at least as vigorously as her neighbors, the Misses Brown and Jones. Hence the murderous sounds which go up to the gods from a thousand academies daily; and thus it is that countless young girls, to whom we look for the maintenance or the elevation of the tone of society in England, spend a large part of their youth in what to many of them is but a dreary mechanical exercise, and to all is a sacrifice of time and trouble quite disproportionate to the end attained. The time which might be employed in gaining real knowledge and cultivation of mind and character is employed in achieving a talent for debasing a beautiful art into a showy mechanical display distasteful to themselves and wearisome to others.

But it is not a law of nature that the piano in the house should be merely an instrument of wood and wire for the exhibition of digital dexterity. Of itself it is the portal of an ideal world, an "ivory gate" of dreams, affording to the jaded spirit easy refuge from the work-a-day world. And the very causes which have combined to make it so popular an instrument—namely, its facility of manipulation and its versatility of effect—are just those which render it so peculiarly happy a means for bringing musical art into our homes. The powers of the instrument are restricted, it is true; nevertheless, it is capable to a great extent of imitating and recalling effects only to be attained through more ample and costly media. The many-voiced symphony, the chorus which has awakened the echoes of Exeter Hall, the organ and anthem which shook "the prophets blazoned on the panes" at the Abbey, may all be recalled on the piano in a manner bearing somewhat the same relation to the original effect that an engraving bears to a painting—giving form and outline, and leaving the colors (and much besides, alas!) to imagination.

One of the most renowned pianists of the time told the writer of this article that when he played for his own pleasure he never played piano-forte music; his delight was to take an orchestral score and try how much of its effect he could reproduce from his single keyboard. To do this well is not given to everybody; but something may be achieved in that way by a true player, and another pleasant form of

domestic art and study is found in the endeavor to represent on piano the combined effect of voice and accompaniment; a kind of performance which demands concentration of mind as well as delicacy of finger, and which certainly appeals to higher artistic faculties than the execution of clattering fantasies on popular airs. Above all, if we look at piano-forte music proper, such as has been written by true masters of their art, who did not work for show, what a world of beautiful things do we find—"sounds and sweet airs that give delight, and hurt not" either the instrument or the listener's ears. The Sonatas of Beethoven alone contain a response to almost every mood of mind; and what is it that we want of music more than that it should harmonize with our humor, and provide our minds with a refuge from uncongenial everyday surroundings? Perhaps there is no more striking exemplification of the beneficence of this art than the fact that in many a dull room in a dull street, where life seems tied down to the mean and vulgar and commonplace, the bare presence of a piano does then and there furnish means for instantaneous flight from such mundane annoyances, bringing at once light into the gloom, and kindling the mind with noble and beautiful ideas. And, looking at the matter from this point of view, may we not be pardoned for feeling contempt for that kind of prostitution of music in our drawing-rooms which modern education has created and fostered? Musical education, for the most part, goes merely to the attainment of a certain routine mechanical dexterity. Among those who make music their profession, it is of course desirable that a high standard of executive power should be maintained; though Beethoven declared that all public performers seemed to him to lose expression and feeling exactly in proportion as they gained in execution. But nothing can be a more silly waste of time than for amateurs to attempt those showy difficulties which are the best stock in trade of too many professional pianists. They can rarely be really successful; and if they do succeed, the game is not worth the trouble; for the end attained is only at the expense of valuable time which might have been much better employed. What we want in our social meetings is, not to have the piano kept going, like a mill, against an opposing torrent of conversation, but to have music that is worth listening to well played, if people wish for it, and will listen to it, and not otherwise; and if half the time spent by young ladies at school in excursions up and down the key-board were occupied in learning something about music as an art, some of us might have less reason to dread the sight of "the piano in the house."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.
Handel at the Jubilee.

Concord, Mass., July 11, 1869.

MR. EDITOR:—In one of your articles on the late Boston Jubilee you say: "Generally the grave, slow Chorales sounded best. Strange to say, and contrary to all we could have looked for, not Handel's choruses, not even the great Hallelujah, still less the choruses by Haydn, made the great effects;" &c., &c.

Reading these words, I am prompted to offer for your consideration some reasons why, in my opinion, the choruses of Handel and Haydn could not be effectively rendered at the late Jubilee. And I believe that few experienced chorus singers could have looked for a result different from what occurred.

Among those who generally form a chorus there are, comparatively speaking, but few who are *self-reliant* and capable of taking up promptly their *points*. And even of these, it is too often the case, that many are too careless and indifferent to give a conscientious attention to their duties in a public performance. The majority of a chorus are, generally, but poor *readers*, who lean and depend on others, rather than themselves. I had many years experience in chorus singing and always found it to be so; and any competent singer of experience will testify that it is so. Even in England, where Handel is sung more correctly and effectively than in any other country, I question if the chorus would be what it is were it not for the Cathedrals, which are always educating singers, not only to sing Handel, but, in a certain sense, to love his music. To bring together, therefore, ten thousand of such voices, and expect them to sing the choruses of Handel and Haydn, in any manner that could be called effective, was to me

an impossibility; and I was not, therefore, disappointed in the result.

The most effective chorus I have heard in this country, was that under the late George Loder, in New York. It was small, comparatively speaking, but it sang with great intelligence, giving effect to all the lights and shades, so much needed in chorus singing, and taking up the points with a precision rarely surpassed. Jenny Lind and Benedict paid this chorus a great compliment when it sang in their performance of the *Messiah* in Tripler Hall. Much was due, however, to Loder for its great excellence, who was not only an excellent driller and good conductor, but he had also,—externally vulgar as he was sometimes,—an appreciation and love of Handel rarely excelled and not often equalled. He had too, that rare faculty, a power of infusing his own love into those under him, of inspiring them into that *unity* which, in such performances, can alone insure success.

The choruses of *The Messiah*, though very simple in construction, while grand and majestic in effect, are not easy to sing, unless by good readers, who will be conscientiously attentive to their duties. On the other hand the Chorales, and even the choruses you name of Mendelssohn as being the most effectively performed, are easily read, and more easily followed by those who cannot readily read; hence an effect could be and was given to these, which could not be given to Handel and Haydn.

Again Handel's choruses, especially those of *The Messiah*, depend altogether on the vocal effect; if failure takes place here, the instruments cannot make it up. The late Doctor Chard, who was organist at Winchester Cathedral, England, was of opinion that Mozart's accompaniments in the choruses of *The Messiah* destroyed, rather than added to their grandeur; indeed he thought the less instrumentation they had the better, their construction being such that they did not need it. He may or may not be right here; I do not presume to say, further than that I do believe they were written especially to be sung, and that they will be sung in the future, by immense bodies of voices. The choruses of Mendelssohn, on the other hand, are aided immensely by instrumentation, without which they would lose, in a large degree, their beauty and grandeur; by the instrumentation any weakness on the part of the voices is, in measure, covered up. Yet I could name choruses of Mendelssohn—as for instance the finale of *Elijah*—in which, I think, that body of ten thousand would have been no more effective than they were in Handel and Haydn.

Last winter I attended some of the performances of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston. In the *Elijah* the effect produced was, in some of the choruses, very fine; in others, especially in the finale, not so good. From the *status* of this society I anticipated a great treat in *The Messiah*. In this I was greatly disappointed. Here I discovered that, like all choruses, it consists of a great many who cannot read, or who are too inattentive to their duties on that occasion; and that the chorus depended for the prompt taking up of *points* on a few voices on each part. The Basses, in that great point: "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," and also in "And He shall reign for ever and ever," failed entirely to give the effect called for. The chorus "For unto us a child is born" was more badly sung than I ever remember to have heard it. It may have appeared so from the fact of their changing, certainly in very false, *unscriptural* and bad taste, the word *given* to that of *giv'n*, which changed the character of the entire chorus.

I cannot believe that Handel's *Messiah* has performed its great mission. To me it is a work that has yet to be performed and appreciated as never before. It is related of Handel that he said, he seemed to have heard it all before he wrote it; hence it

would seem to have been a work of a very direct inspiration; and he may not himself have then had but a faint foreshadowing of its great mission. I believe the time will come when it will be sung, not by ten thousand voices only, but by hundreds of thousands.* This cannot be, however, in an age like this an age of no faith. Can the Painter put on canvass what he has not in his mind ideal? Can the Sculptor mould the marble to a form of beauty of which he has no conception? How then can singers interpret and give expression to a work like Handel's *Messiah*, unless they have the *living* faith, of which it sings, embodied in themselves? Who can sing "For unto us a child is born," unless they inwardly believe such a child was born? Who can sing "Comfort ye my people," without a living faith? Who can sing "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," unless he does reign within the soul? And who can sing the song—the climax of the great work—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," unless he *knows*, of himself,—not because Priest, Pastor, or Church has told him,—that *his* Redeemer liveth? And more, who can take baton in hand and conduct such a work, who has not a living faith in the Lord as his Redeemer? How can God's inspirations flow through the eye or the hand, gathering to the owner thereof not only the eye but the inspired heart of each individual singer or performer, uniting them into oneness, unless that eye and hand belongs to one who can say: *I know that my Redeemer liveth?* Who can conduct, even, one of Beethoven's master works, unless he can form a conception of the great master's idea, and inspire his orchestra with the same? Handel's melodies are too pure for a sensuous age; hence there are but few who can really appreciate and love them; and if they cannot appreciate, how can they interpret and sing? How simple, yet pure, is that song of his: "Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty!" I recollect Malibran singing this in Manchester, England. It was the last thing she ever sang in the body. She sang it conscious that her end was near; when all the outward was fading from her sight, and when, as it was said, cruel treatment and great suffering had thrown her to seek Him who alone can give peace and rest; and so her singing this simple but pure song was as if Heaven opened to her, and she beheld the glory of which she was singing. And Jenny Lind told the people of New York that in fifty years or more they would begin, perhaps, to appreciate Handel, but that she perceived at present they could not appreciate or love his music.

But I have extended my letter beyond all bounds and must stop. If I have given you any thought worthy of reception, and you can pass it to others, I shall be repaid for my trouble.

Appreciating what you say in general touching the great Jubilee,

I remain very truly yours,

GEO. LEACH.

The Jubilee and Church Music.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. THOMPSON, LL.D.

Several of the religious newspapers have derived from the Boston Jubilee an argument for congregational singing—the unison of the whole assembly in sacred song—as not only practicable upon a vast scale, but as the most appropriate and effective music for religious worship. But, however much one may desire the participation of the entire congregation in this part of public worship, the legitimate inference from the choral singing at the Jubilee seems to lie upon the other side. The term congregational singing, as used in this country, denotes the inartificial, unscientific singing of the mass of the congregation, in distinction from the practiced rendering of music by a select quartet or a trained choir. But the choral singing at Boston, with its grand effects of volume and harmony, illustrated in a high degree the advantages of thorough and scientific musical train-

* The writer seems to think that faith will change the physical laws of sound;—or, perhaps he does not mean hundreds of thousands in the body.

ing above that vocal enthusiasm of numbers that passes for congregational singing. The chorus of ten thousand voices at the Coliseum was a *picked choir* upon a scale of unprecedented magnitude. Each individual singer in that chorus was a member of some local choir or musical society and accustomed to read music at sight and to sing in public. But such previous training in the sciences and practice of music was not enough to secure admission into the Jubilee chorus. Every applicant for that honor was obliged to undergo an examination, in quality of voice, in reading at sight, and in the execution of difficult test passages from the selected choruses. Notwithstanding these precautions, this vast choir, composed of hundreds of average excellence, occasionally failed in time and expression, particularly in fugue passages. To argue from the exceptional success of this carefully selected and well-adjusted chorus, that the miscellaneous members of an ordinary congregation could render the service of song acceptable and edifying, in a musical point of view, is utterly without weight or reason. Moreover, the picked chorus at Boston was sustained by an orchestra of *professional musicians*, whose skilful accompaniment, supported by the magnificent tones of the organ, kept up the voices in pitch and time, and so filled the interstices of vocal sound, that minor faults of execution were lost in the broad sweep of harmony. Of course no such musical effects can be hoped for in ordinary congregational singing, nor can there be any valid reasoning from one to the other.

Some imagine that in order to have congregational singing, it is only necessary that all the people shall sing, without regard to the question whether they know how to sing or have been trained to sing together in proper time and tune, or, as Mr. Beecher once put it, they shall "make a loud noise unto the Lord." But mere loudness of sound, or the noise of numbers without regard to rhythm, is far from ministering to edification in worship. It is this that renders the liturgical responses of the Episcopal church services so distasteful to persons of cultivated ear and refined devotional feeling. One sharp voice is curving about, in advance of his neighbors, another with halting tones is lagging far behind, here and there a voice moving with proper cadence is marred by a dozen hurrying to overtake it, and finally the whole come in pell-mell, like rowers or racers striving for the goal, so that a devout mind is ready to exclaim,—"We beseech thee, incline thy servants to worship decently and in order, according to the requirement of thy holy word." The ritualists have at last discovered that, in order to render a responsive liturgy effective as a devotional service, they must take it out of the mouths of the people, and have it worthily rendered by trained choirs. In like manner congregational singing by untrained voices resembles the tumultuousness of the waves of the sea, without their majestic cadence.

True congregational singing requires a basis of musical training either in the whole people, or in certain prominent voices set apart to lead in this service. The general training is much to be preferred, but in this our American congregations are sadly deficient. Singing is seldom taught now-a-days, as it was formerly, for the benefit of a congregation, or even of its children and youth. In Sunday schools children are not taught to sing intelligently, but their faculty of imitation is exercised in learning by rote the jingle of paltry airs that can never help them to the understanding or the appreciation of music. It is pretty much so in the public schools; and hence as a rule, but few persons in any mixed congregation can sing by note, or read even simple music at sight.

The writer has the privilege of worshiping with a congregation in which for ten years the practice has been for the people at large to sing the hymns, tune-book in hand. Not long ago Luther's famous Reformation hymn was appointed to be sung, and the music—not as enfeebled in the Sabbath Hymn and Tune book, but in its original simplicity and majesty as a chorale—was printed with the hymn and distributed in the pews. But though the air was led by a fine quartet, singing in unison, and the harmony was sustained by a powerful organ, it was estimated that not more than one in ten of the congregation joined tunefully in this sublime hymn of praise. Yet with the trained chorus of ten thousand, and the accompaniment of orchestra and organ, this was one of the finest things in the Boston Jubilee. It is always impressive in a German congregation; but, we alas, are not educated to sing.

For lack of musical qualification in the congregation at large, we must have recourse to a choir or quartet to lead the congregation in the act of praise or otherwise there is only a confused medley of sound. A good organ, skilfully handled, is a great help in congregational singing, by giving steadiness and volume to the tone, and marking the time. But

more effective than choir or organ would be a well-balanced corps of trumpeters—such as one sometimes hears in the royal churches of continental Europe. The *Trumpet*, of the old Temple service, is pre-eminently the instrument for the accompaniment of Psalmody. Once the writer introduced this, in a memorial service for our fallen soldiers. A grand choir sang Mendelssohn's magnificent chorale in St. Paul, "Sleepers Awake." Behind them, unseen by the congregation, were the brass instruments of Dodworth's band; and never was a more solemn and elevating effect witnessed in a church service, than when those invisible trumpets sounded forth their majestic strains. Of course such an accompaniment could be obtained only in cities, and at large cost; but with congregations trained to sing together, and led and sustained by organ trumpets, trombones, tubas—in a word, with "everything that hath breath"—we should have music worthy of the Jubilee of the world's redemption—*Advance*.

Music Abroad.

London.

MME. NILSSON has given a couple of concerts in St. James's Hall, of which the *Musical World* says:

That sacred music of the highest class was within the range of Mme. Nilsson's powers had already been proved at the Birmingham Festival of 1867, and the Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace of the year following. As, however, she is not one of those artists who care to rest upon their laurels, but rather one whose motto is "Excelsior," we are hardly surprised at the great advance she exhibits, both in her delivery of the music and in her pronunciation of the language. In the first and second parts of the *Creation*, at the first concert (when she enjoyed the advantage of being associated with such experienced masters of the sacred style as Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley), she showed herself thoroughly conversant with the text of Haydn, achieving in the great airs, "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," both of which she gave in perfection, a legitimate triumph. At the concert on Monday she repeated the first of these with equal success, besides adding "Angels ever bright and fair" (*Theodora*), and "Let the bright Seraphim" (*Samson*)—showing herself therein quite as much at home with Handel as with Haydn. "Let the bright Seraphim," in which the trumpet of Mr. T. Harper was worthy partner to the voice of Mme. Nilsson, was enthusiastically encored and repeated. The concert was in other respects one of great and varied interest. A first-class orchestra, led by Mr. H. Blagrove and conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie, played the march from Mendelssohn's *Athalia*, the *Pastoral Symphony* from the *Messiah*, and the overture to *Oberon*; Mr. Leslie's Choir sang, among other things, the "Sanctus" from J. S. Bach's mass in B minor, Mendelssohn's "Judge me O God," and "Wretched lovers," from *Acis and Galatea*—how, we need not say; Mr. Santley gave, in his best manner, M. Gounod's "Nazareth" (with chorus), "O ruddier than the cherry," and Mr. J. L. Hatton's "Wreck of the Hesperus," besides joining Mme. Nilsson in Mozart's "Cruel perché"; and Mr. J. M. Welhi played one of his most showy pianoforte fantasias (*Rigoletto*) in his showiest manner. Last not least, Mme. Nilsson sang, in Italian, a new scene, by Herr Meyer Lutz, entitled "Xenia, the Scavonian maiden" (two of the themes in which have all the graceful flow and quaint charm of national melodies), and being unanimously encored substituted one of her own popular Swedish airs, accompanying herself on the pianoforte. The concert was altogether as attractive as a concert of the kind could possibly be.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. (From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 29.)

The final concert was given last night "by special desire," and worthily closed a season described in an official summary as "perfectly successful." No better programme could have been chosen. It opened with Beethoven's matchless *Leonore* overture, the emperor of overtures, quite as much as his concerto in E flat is the emperor of concertos. Mr. Cusini's orchestra, to the improvement of which we have again and again testified, played it in admirable style, and left nothing whatever to desire. The next important selection was Spohr's "Dramatic Concerto," or, giving its full title, *Concerto Drammatico in modo di Scena Cantante*, one of the best known, as it is one of the most masterly works ever written for the composer's instrument. The soloist was Herr Straus, an artist who can not only lead the

Philharmonic orchestra with thorough efficiency, but fulfil a yet more important duty—as in this case—with thorough success. The whole concerto—a really grand production—made the effect well nigh inseparable from it, and led to Herr Strauss's recall amid unanimous applause.

Next came Dr. Sterndale Bennett's pianoforte concerto in C minor (op. 9), third of the six we owe to his brilliant talent. It forcibly asserts the English musician's precocity. In 1834, the date of the concerto, Dr. Bennett was a lad of eighteen, who had previously written two other such works. Moreover, the C minor is memorable as having, at a Leipzig Gewandhaus concert, in 1837, under Mendelssohn's direction obtained for its composer and executant a genuine triumph, and given to Robert Schumann the text for one of his ablest and most genial criticisms. Much might be said of the work—of its abundant fancy, charming melodies, and masterly treatment; but we must be content to speak about it generally as among the greatest productions the English school can boast. It was fitting that such a composition should be played by Mme. Arabella Goddard, who has during many years kept Dr. Bennett's pianoforte works before the public. Her right to be his expositor was never more conclusively proved than on this occasion. Whether it was the alternate gravity and sweetness of the first *allegro*, the charming ideality of the romance, or what Mr. Macfarren calls the "wild energy" of the *finale*, each feature of the concerto was brought out with consummate skill. That every note was played it would be superfluous to say. Mme. Goddard was deservedly recalled at the close of her task.

Mr. Casin's clever and striking though somewhat fantastic overture, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, brought the first part of the concert to an end. In Part II. Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony was the chief item, and the whole ended with Weber's *Jubilee* overture. The vocalists were Signor and Mme. Bettini.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S RECITALS. With the month of June, Mr. Halle completed the purpose proposed at the commencement of these recitals—which was to include the miscellaneous pianoforte pieces (variations, rondos, &c.) of Beethoven, and all the solo pianoforte works of Schubert. Both these objects had been compassed in Halle's recitals of last year; but the present repetition involved the addition of some recently published works of Schubert not then available, the most important being two complete movements of a grand sonata which, had the other portions been forthcoming, would have equalled if not surpassed any of the eleven great works of that class which Schubert has left completed. The interest of the recitals has been great in the variety and intrinsic importance of the selections, and the highly-finished execution and thoughtful study brought by Mr. Halle to their performance.

—We learn from the *Musical Standard* that English opera is to be given at the Princess's Theatre, London, under the direction of J. L. Hatton. The season is to open in August, with "Acis and Galatea."

—A Metropolitan Choral Festival of five thousand voices was held at the Royal Horticultural Garden, London, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, on the 3d inst. The choir consisted of three thousand first and second sopranos, one thousand tenors, and one thousand basses.

—No less than forty-three operas have been submitted to the commission appointed to examine works offered to the Theatre Lyrique. The members of the commission have met twice a week for nearly seven months, and their choice has at length fallen upon an opera entitled "Le Magnifique." The fact that this favored work is in one act is significant of the average merit of the compositions. Another opera, "La Coupe et les Lèvres," in five acts, founded on Alfred de Musset's poem, is also recommended, provided certain modifications be made.

—The results of the music examinations by the Society of Arts, which have just been made known, show that the Tonic Solfa-ists have repeated their successes of former years. In the examination in the theory of music, which Mr. John Hullab conducts, both the prizemen and half those who receive first class certificates have been trained under Tonic Solfa teachers. Mr. G. A. Macfarren's examination in elementary musical composition, the exercises for which may be written either in Tonic Solfa or established notation, is almost exclusively used by Tonic Solfa-ists, although open on equal terms to others; but the two prizes and fifty-five certificates which have been granted are records of positive and not comparative attainment. This last examination was instituted last year at the request of the Tonic Solfa-ists, who pay the expenses and the prize-money.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 31, 1869.

The Past Two Musical Years in Boston.

(Concluded).

IV. ORATORIOS, &c.

The period under review includes the Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society in May 1868, when, with a chorus of between seven and eight hundred voices, an orchestra of 100, and, for principal solo singers, Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Miss Houston, Mrs. Barry, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Rudolphsen, &c., the following choral works were produced:

HANDEL. Samson, and The Messiah.

HAYDN. The Creation.

MENDELSSOHN. St. Paul; Hymn of Praise; 95th Psalm.

BEETHOVEN. Choral Symphony.

NICOLAI. Festival Overture, with Chorus on "Eine feste Burg."

Besides which, the same Society, at their usual seasons of Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter, in the two years, performed:

HANDEL. Samson; Messiah (3 times); Judas Maccabaeus.

MENDELSSOHN. Elijah (3 times); St. Paul; Hymn of Praise.

COSTA. Naaman (for the first time).

ROSSINI. Moses in Egypt, *quasi* Oratorio.

"The Creation" has been given also by the Choral Union (South Boston). We may further add the following works performed, without orchestra, in concerts of private clubs (Mr. Parker's, and Mr. Kreissmann's, Brookline):

SCHUMANN. Portions of Mass.

GADE. Cantata: "The Crusaders."

HILLER. Cantata: "Easter Morning."

MENDELSSOHN. Prayer: "Da nobis pacem."

DURANTE. Magnificat.

PERGOLESE. Stabat Mater.

The German Saengerfest.

On the 16th of July the eleventh national singing festival of the North-eastern Sängerbund was brought to a close in the city of Baltimore. This association holds its festivals every alternate year. They take place in succession in the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, those being the principal eastern cities in which the largest number of Societies of the Bund exist. The next Festival will be held in New York in 1871.

At present there are about two thousand active singing members comprising the Bund, of whom some fifteen hundred were present at Baltimore. The city of New York sent twenty-nine Societies, Philadelphia twenty-two, and Baltimore eight. A few others were present from neighboring cities. So much for the statistics of the affair.

The purpose of these festivals is easily stated. It is purely and simply to have a good time. It is the German holiday. The promotion of art in the abstract, if it has any place in the scheme, holds a very secondary one; certainly the honest Teuton makes no parade of any such intention even if he has it. The conspicuous thing is his down-right, flat footed intention of forgetting all about work and care for a good long week, and using every minute of the time in enjoying himself as fully as he can, not after the fashion of his American cousins, but after the good old traditions of his fatherland, from the days when Wolfram of Eisenbach, and Ulric of Lichtenstein and Tannhäuser, and all the Minnesingers of Germany, gathered together at the Wartburg to contend before the Landgrave of Thuringia for the prize of song, to this day and generation.

In this national enjoyment music is the most important element, and during the week that the Festival continued in Baltimore that city was a city of song. Not only was music heard in the halls where their concerts were given, but everywhere, about the streets and at all the great hotels, bursting out at the most unexpected times and places; and far on into the night it came from the open air gardens, brilliant with lanterns, where the sons of song were gathered, and the citizen, as he turned for his second nap, heard floating through his open window the pleasant strains of far-off melody and composed himself to sleep regretting, doubtless, that he too was not a German.

We propose to review briefly the events of the week, giving our readers a general idea of what took place without entering into any special or critical detail of any part.

In the first place it was immensely warm; everything took place at blood-heat and under a broiling sun. Apollo certainly beamed with fervent regard upon his disciples. In view of this fact, it may seem a little singular that so much of their time was taken up in marching over the heated cobble stones of Baltimore.

But the Teutonic mind seems eminently contented when it is a procession, and they walked about for miles upon miles during their stay, carrying their heavy silken banners with an enthusiasm and happiness most charming to witness—from under an umbrella.

The programme of the week was briefly as follows: On Saturday evening (July 10th), a public reception by the city authorities. Sunday night, "The Messiah." Monday morning, a procession of singers escorted by all the military of the city. Monday evening, the contest of the societies for the prizes. Tuesday morning, a rehearsal, and in the evening a concert, in which all the singers present joined. On Wednesday and Thursday, picnics at the park and the national out-of-door sports. A most rational and wisely constructed programme.

As to the performance of the "Messiah" there is not much to be said; it was sung by the Baltimoreans only. The chorus was small and the orchestra was small, but it was a brave little chorus and orchestra and did as well as it could. A certain novelty was imparted to the oratorio by hearing the old familiar airs and choruses in their German dress. "Er wird sie reinigen" sounded very curiously to one whose ear expected "And he shall purify;" and "Lift up your heads" hardly seemed itself as "Hoch that euch auf."

Mmes. ROTTER and FREDERICK and Messrs. HIMMER and HERMANN were the soloists. Our friend Hermann had identified himself so completely with the satanic role of Mephistopheles that he seemed oddly out of place in his semi-ecclesiastical part, and in fact did not take at all kindly to the long Handelian passages, through which he lumbered and jolted after a queer fashion of his own, and was inexpressibly relieved (as indeed was his audience also) when he got finally to the end of one of them. In a word, the performance was indifferent, though the Baltimore papers thought the next morning that it was "the finest ever given in the country." If ignorance is bliss, what supreme happiness that writer must have enjoyed!

Next day came the sweltering procession, with its military, half-rebel, half-union, formerly in deadly contest, now all marching peacefully under the old flag; its societies, each with a banner, of wonderful embroidery; its throngs of citizens lining the sidewalks and filling the windows; its triumphal arches spanning the streets; and its gay flags hung everywhere, prominent over all the flag of the new German confederation, red, white and black.

In the evening came the grand event of the Festival,—the prize singing. Eighteen societies entered the contest. They were divided into two classes:

those of less than forty-six voices having assigned to them the first half of the programme, those of more than forty-six the last half. There were nine in each class. To both classes were to be awarded two prizes, the first in each being a grand piano, the second a square. As it may be, in these days when male voice singing is so much cultivated, a matter of interest to our readers to know what was sung, we append the programme:

PART I. (Smaller Societies).

1 Sunday Morning. (Sonntagsföhre). Becker.
Philadelphia Concordia Gesang-verein.
2 Spring of love. (Liebesfrühling). Zech.
Philadelphia Liedertafel.
3 Let me roam the woods. (Im Walde). Abt.
New York Mozart Verein.
4 Warriors' Song. (Reiterlied). Oberhoffer.
Brooklyn Sängerbund.
5 Greeting to Spring. (Frühlingsachor). Abt.
Washington Sängerbund.
6 My bark is swiftly sailing. (Mein Schifflein treibt). J. Besschmitt.
Poughkeepsie Germania.
7 The Emigrants. (Die Auswanderer). Abt.
Columbus (Ohio) Männerchor.
8 Spring and love. (Frühling und Liebe). Velt.
N. Y. Beethoven Männerchor.
9 The Poet's Grave. (Das Dichtergrab). Mochring.
Hoboken Quartet Club.

PART II. (Larger Societies).

1 Pretty Roth Raut. (Schön Roth Raut). Velt.
Arion of New York. 52 Singers.
2 Love and Grace. (Liebe und Gnade). Otter.
N. Y. Schillerbund. 59 Singers.
3 A merry song in the Forest. (Ein Frisches Lied). Abt.
Philadelphia Männerchor. 58 Singers.
4 How came love. (Wie kam die Liebe). Frei.
N. Y. Liederkranz. 74 Singers.
5 The Midnight March. (Der Gang um Mitternacht). F. Liszt.
Philadelphia Junger Männerchor. 62 Singers.
6 The Morning Dawns. (Morgen wirds). Rheinthal.
N. Y. Sängerrunde. 67 Singers.
7 Sacred Evening Song. (Geistliches Abendlied) Reinecke.
Philadelphia Sängerbund. 67 Singers.
8 No sun brought the day. (Keine Sonne brachte der Tag). Reiser.
Philadelphia Liedertafel d. F. Gemeinde. 50 voices.
9 Geibel's War Song. (Kriegslied). Hartwig.
N. Y. Teutonic Männerchor. 54 voices.

The smaller societies opened the concert. It was at once evident that the hall was too large for them, and that they could do themselves no justice. The Baltimoreans made the mistake of building their music hall on the model of their clipper ships. The Maryland Institute, though it might rate A 1. as a vessel, must certainly be marked Z 26 as a concert room. It is absurdly long and ridiculously narrow, and its sides are in great part open windows. Of course the little societies had to suffer for these defects; their *pianissimo* passages in fact were inaudible in the middle of the hall. The larger societies fared better and their voices told splendidly. The Judges were five in number, and sat score in hand, carefully noting all the points of excellence and all the defects. The points upon which they were especially required to give their critical judgment were understood to be the following:

- 1st. The difficulty of the composition sung.
- 2d. The correctness of the intonation.
- 3d. The precision in execution.
- 4th. The distinctness of pronunciation of the words.
- 5th. The holding of the tone.
- 6th. The balance and equality of the voices.
- 7th. The comprehension shown of the music.

As to the latter point, it did not require any great degree of comprehension on the part of the various societies to get at the meaning of the several composers. A glance at the programme will show how completely it is given up to little bits of musical sentiment, pretty ballads versed off and harmonized in four parts. Most of the themes were little love ditties, or else descriptions of roaming in the woods, the delights of love, and kindred subjects. Even the great Arion Society could find no fitter theme for their manly powers than the lackadaisical little "Pretty Roth Raut," and the Liederkranz exhausted the powers of its seventy-four members upon the inquiry "How came love?" A tender inquiry, in fact, which has puzzled much subtler brains than those of these honest singers; what wonder then that, though they shouted the question in the most frenzied accents of their seventy-four stal-

wart lungs, no answer came. But something dropped at their feet in response to their exertions, much more to the purpose than the acutest analysis of the divine passion,—the first prize in fact.

While it was conceded on all sides that the Liederkranz sang their song with the utmost finish; that every accent and mark of expression, and breathing point and hold had been studied and polished to the point of perfection, it was doubted by many whether the society should have been allowed to take a prize for the second time with the same composition. The song is the same with which they bore away the first honors at the Philadelphia Festival in 1867. We should certainly have thought, even if no positive rule of the Sängerbund prevented the society from entering the lists a second time with the same song, that a sense of delicacy, or their self respect, or at least a spirit of enterprise would have spurred them on to learn another.

The second prize in this class was taken by the Junger Männerchor, of Philadelphia, with Liszt's "Midnight March," a piece which, whatever we may think of its merit, is at least of the first difficulty, and with the elaborations of which it is an honor to a club to have successfully grappled.

We are inclined to think that, had the Arion Society selected a composition of larger scope and dignity than the somewhat juvenile "Pretty Roth Raut," with which they chose to content themselves, they might have taken one or other of the prizes; as it was they sang the little song perfectly under the judicious direction of Carl Borgmann; but it fell entirely short of the first of the requirements we have above referred to.

The first prize in the second class was taken by the Hoboken Quartette Club, *fusile princeps*; the second by the Washington Sängerbund. None of the societies in this class, however, were heard to advantage, owing, as we have said, to the size of the hall.

On Wednesday evening all the singers came together, and this time with the accompaniment of an orchestra. This was the programme:

Overture to Robespierre. Litolff.
The Chapel. Becker.
By the 25 New York Societies.
Sunrise. Hamma.
By the United Singers.
Zum Walde. Herbeck.
By the Philadelphia Societies.
—
Fest Overture. Hohnstock.
Hymn. Mohr.
By the United Singers.
Prize Composition. Hermann Frank.
By the Baltimore Societies.
Song of Victory of the Germans. Franz Abt.
By the United Singers.

There were about a thousand in the chorus. The pieces had been very carefully rehearsed for months, and went finely. The effect of this great body of male voices, where the harmonies were so close and rich and massive, was very great. The gradations of time were splendidly managed, and in the description of "Sunrise," the transition from the quiet movement when silence brooded over the earth, through the gradual awakening of Nature, and up to the final outburst of the Sun suffusing everything in his glow, was fitly translated into tone. The grand climax at the close, where the thousand voices flung themselves *fotissimo* upon a fine dramatic chord, contained in it a strange element of sensuous excitement sufficient to stir the most sluggish blood.

The succeeding days, Thursday and Friday, were devoted to merry-making, speech-making, open-air singing, and every festivity that the Teutonic mind could devise.

And so ended the eleventh Sängerfest. The time will perhaps one day come when Americans also can join together and enjoy themselves in a like genial manner. The great bond of sympathy and consent was music. It united them all in one great brotherhood of feeling. It is a happy sign that more and more attention is every year given among us to this class of music. Already very many of these part-songs have been translated. The old Orpheus collection, and more recently the "Arion," and the "Amphion," contain many of the best of them and have had a wide circulation. The mine, however, is an inexhaustible one, for nearly all the later composers have turned their talents in this direction: Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Franz, Kücken, Abt, and a hundred others.

It is but fifty years since it began even in Germany. Mendelssohn's old teacher Zelter, and Flemming gathered about them at Berlin a little club of amateurs who met but once a month. It was a renewal of, but a great improvement upon the old Meister-Sängerguild. The pieces sung were composed by the members themselves. Flemming, for instance, contributed his well known music to the Horatian Ode "Integer Virga." From this little germ came all these great societies that cover Germany and our own country.

Professor Tschirch was present at Baltimore, as delegate from a single Bund in Germany that consists of eighty thousand members.

In view of these facts and of the evident increase in musical taste among us, we are encouraged to hope that, at a time not remotely distant, some of this healthy German spirit may be infused into our own people, and festivals may become common among us in which song shall be the dominant element, and social intercourse and the virtues of good feeling and good fellowship be fostered under its gentle and refining influence.

B.

Mr. F. L. Ritter in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, JULY 17.—In midsummer no report of concerts is expected of your correspondents; but let me chronicle a very pleasant musical episode in our life here—as a sort of Midsummer Night's Dream,—on the occasion of Mr. F. L. Ritter's visit to this his old home. Mr. Ritter is kept in very warm remembrance among a host of intimate friends here, and his genial nature readily makes new friends wherever he goes. But the intercourse with him is not only pleasant, it is instructive, elevating. He is a thinker, as well as a musician and an artist, and his thoughts are fine and discriminating. Great as his field for usefulness is in New York City, it is desirable, for the development of Music in the country at large, that his influence should extend, and his merits be more generally known and appreciated.

At the close of Mr. Ritter's visit, which has been so much enjoyed by his particular friends, the active members of our Cecilia Society, although many of them were away on summer excursions, made an effort to arrange a gathering for the purpose of meeting the founder and old valued leader of the Society. Mr. Ritter found there some old friends, but many more new faces. In introducing him to the members, the President, Mr. Garlieb, in a few words referred to Mr. Ritter's great merits in founding the Society and leading it with energy and many personal sacrifices for a number of years. He quoted Goethe's lines in "Tasso," that the place trodden by a good man is consecrated for all time, and added, that the introduction into a Society of noble principles, as in this case, the cultivation of music under its best auspices—not as a mere trifling amusement of the hour, but as a communion with the heaven-born Goddess,—is an act which must long continue to bear fruit.

Since Mr. Ritter had left Cincinnati, the Cecilia Society, in this ever changing Western community, had seen many ups and downs; but, notwithstanding all other changes, up to this very day it had continued in harmony with Mr. Ritter's musical ideas and convictions. The speaker expressed the hope, that this sympathy between them might continue to exist. He concluded by saying, that Mr. Ritter a short time ago had founded in Vassar College, on the Hudson River, among the students a "Cecilia" Society. From this he ventured to infer, that the name was dear to him; and he hoped when Mr. Ritter in his present field of activity went to meet the new "Cecilie," on the beautiful banks of the Hudson, he would remember the old "Cecilia Society," on the Ohio.

In response, Mr. Ritter in a very pleasant manner expressed his pleasure in this impromptu gathering. He said he supposed it would be of no use denying, even if he desired, his *tendre* for "St. Cecilia," and enjoined upon our Society to continue in their endeavors for the cultivation of good music.

The Society then sang a few Choruses; among them, as novelties, a Chorus from the *German Requiem* by Brahms, and two French People's Songs from the 17th Century, interspersed with solos; and at the close the intimate friends of Mr. Ritter enjoyed for many more hours happy recollections of the past.

X.

The Organ.

[From the New York Weekly Review.]

PLYMOUTH ORGAN CONCERTS—1869.

With the twenty-second concert, the last Saturday in June, closed the season of weekly organ concerts at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, whereof, as everybody knows, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is pastor. On this occasion Mr. S. P. Warren presided. It was an

overwhelming success, musically, and the house was completely crowded. These concerts have been given every Saturday, at 4 p.m., since the 30th of January. Each concert lasted about an hour. Admission prices of ten and fifteen cents, to cover expenses, were charged. The concerts were projected, to promote the taste for good organ music, and to offer to the public an opportunity of listening to the works of the best musicians—embracing the classic and romantic—performed by the most eminent organists, on one of the finest of organs. They have already done a great deal of good, and have proved, from first to last, a great success. Large, elegant, and fashionable audiences, in which ladies greatly predominated, have received them with respectful attention and favor. The following organists have performed: Messrs John Zundel, Max Braun, F. F. Müller, V. W. Caulfield, Mrs. Marion Christopher, Messrs. Robert Elder, G. W. Morgan, Dr. P. H. Van der Weyde, Messrs. S. P. Warren, Henry G. Thunder, Dr. Clare W. Beames, Messrs. J. P. Morgan, Eugene Thayer, of Boston, and Mrs. Lillias S. Frohock, of Boston. Some of these have appeared two or three times. The programmes have generally been very fine, including classic, romantic and popular music. The popular has ranged from the popular-classic to—in a few instances—the popular-trash: but in the main the selections have been excellent. It is interesting to note how they have improved from the commencement: the classic has had a noble representation. Eleven performances of music by J. S. Bach, the great, have been given. One piece by his son, Emanuel Bach, has been performed Beethoven, the mighty, has been heard nine times; Mendelssohn, the much loved, eleven; Handel, the grand, four; Schumann, the intellectual and imaginative, four; Father Haydn, twice; Mozart, the illustrious, once; and Weber twice. Rink, Hesse, Scarlatti, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Schubert, Liszt, Wagner, Franz, Chopin, E. F. Richter, A. G. Ritter, Thiele, Herold, Auber, Suppe, Wely, Batiste, with a few others, have all been heard. Here are the programmes:

First Concert, Jan. 30th.—Organist, Mr. John Zundel, of Plymouth Church. Overture to Zampa, Herold; Träumerei, for the soft stops, Schumann; Andante Pastoral—exhibiting the various stops and compass of the organ—Zundel; Introduction, variations, fugue, and finale, Rink.

Second Saturday, Feb. 6th.—Organist, Mr. John Zundel. Overture to Otello, Rossini; Adagio from Sonata Pathétique, Beethoven; Solo violin, Miss Matilda E. Toedt; Allegretto, from the symphony in B flat, Haydn; Original Theme, variations and finale fugue, Zundel.

Third, Feb. 13th.—Organist, Mr. John M. Loretz, Jr. Overture, Fra Diavolo, Auber; Romanza, Symphonic, in D minor, Schumann; Selections from Trovatore, Verdi; Prelude and Fugue on Bach, Krebs; Overture, Der Freischütz, Weber.

Fourth, Feb. 20th.—Messrs. Max Braun and John Zundel. Mr. Braun performed numbers 1 and 5. Grand offertoire, Wely; Dreams, Schumann; Fugue, with three subjects and pedal obligato, Zundel; Adagio from the Fifth symphony, Beethoven; Sortie, Wely.

Fifth, Feb. 27th.—Mr. F. F. Müller, organist of the Church of the Ascension, New York. Praeludium and Fugue, C minor, Bach; Rhapsodie, Spindler; Theme and Variations, Rink; Home, Sweet Home, Müller; Selections from Il Trovatore (Verdi), arranged by Müller; Overture to William Tell, Rossini.

Sixth, March 6th.—Mr. V. W. Caulfield, organist of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn. Overture, Zanetta, Auber; Jerusalem, thou that killst the prophets (from St. Paul), Mendelssohn; Offertoire pastoral, Batiste; Introduction, Air and Variations, op. 47, Hesse; La Carità, Rossini; Overture, Martha, Flotow; Coronation March, Meyerbeer.

Seventh, March 13th.—Mrs. Marion Christopher, organist of the Broadway Tabernacle, and Mr. G. W. Morgan, who assisted only in the four-hand piece, No. 6. Overture, La Solitaire, Carafa; a. Song without words, Mendelssohn; b. Melody, Franz; c. Fragment of Allegretto, from the Eighth Symphony, Beethoven; a. Fugue, b. Toccata in D, Bach; March Solennelle, Ketteler; Parts of the Adagio from the Third Symphony, Mendelssohn; Overture to William Tell (4 hands), Rossini.

Eighth, March 20th.—Mr. Robt. Elder, the blind organist of the Sixteenth street Baptist Church, New York. Adeste fideles, with variations, by R. Elder; Le Desir, Schubert; Prayer from Moses in Egypt (with pedal obligato), Rossini; Fugue in D, R. Elder; Organ Symphony in three movements; a. Andante Pathetic, b. Allegro Brillante, c. Tempo di Polka, R. Elder; Rondo on Theme from Allegro in William Tell, (Rossini); R. Elder; Home, Sweet Home, with variations; R. Elder.

Ninth, March 27th.—Mr. G. W. Morgan. Offertoire, Wely; Grand organ Fugue in E flat, J. S. Bach; Misere, Verdi; Ballad, with extempore variations, G. W. Morgan; Overture to Semiramide, Rossini.

Tenth, April 3d.—Mr. John Zundel. Variations on an original theme, Köhler; Song without words (4th Book, No. 4), Mendelssohn; Larghetto from the Second Symphony, Beethoven; Grand Fugue over the name of Bach, Rink; Song without words (5th book, No. 6), Mendelssohn; Adelaide, arranged for the organ by Mr. Zundel, Beethoven; Overture to Poet and Peasant, Suppe.

Eleventh, April 10th.—Mr. Max Braun, organist of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. Overture to Alexander's Feast, by Handel; Selections from Tannhäuser, Wagner; Scene Pastorale, Wely; Popular Melodies versus Fugue (Medley), Max Braun; Scene Funèbre, Meditation Religieuse, Satter; Grand March in E flat, Wely.

Twelfth, April 17th.—G. W. Morgan. Movement from Handel's Lessons, Handel; Grand Organ Fugue in D, J. S. Bach; Misere, Verdi; Pastorale, Kullak; Variations on a popular melody, G. W. Morgan; Overture, Der Freischütz, Weber.

Thirteenth, April 24th.—Dr. P. H. Van der Weyde, organist of the First Reformed Church, Brooklyn. Overture, Così fan tutte, Mozart; Fantaisie, E. Bach; Andante and Rondo in E, Haydn; Flute concerto, a. Allegro, b. Andante, c. Rondo, Rink; Fragments from the Fifth Symphony, Beethoven; Festival March and Trumpet Fugue, Van der Weyde.

Fourteenth, May 1st.—Mr. S. P. Warren, organist of Grace Church, New York. Sonata in E flat—Allegro Moderato, Adagio, Allegro, J. S. Bach; Toccata in F, J. S. Bach; Andante and Allegretto, Mendelssohn; Variations on an Original Theme, Thiele; Nachtgesang, Vogt; Overture, Tannhäuser, Wagner.

Fifteenth, May 8th.—Mr. H. G. Thunder, organist of St. Augustine Church, Philadelphia. Prelude and Fugue in C major, J. S. Bach; Andante and Variations, Hesse; Sonata in F (in four movements), Mendelssohn; Improvisation, H. G. Thunder; Overture to Rossini's Stabat Mater, Mercadante.

Sixteenth, May 15th.—Dr. Clare W. Beames, organist of Grace Chapel, N. Y., (late of St. Bartholomew's). Andante from the first Symphony, Beethoven; Overture, Poet and Peasant, Von Suppe; a. Nocturne from Midsummer Night's Dream, b. Scherzo from Reformation Symphony (Posthumous), Mendelssohn; Selections from the Messe Solennelle, (transcribed from the score), a. Contralto Solo—O Santarista, b. Trio—Gratias Agimus, c. Tenor Solo—Dominie Deus, Rossini; Fantasia, I Puritani (transcribed from the score), Bellini; Fest March—new—Emil Naumann.

Seventeenth, May 22d.—J. P. Morgan, of Trinity Church, New York. Prelude and Fugue in G minor, J. S. Bach; Trio in E flat, op. 20, Richter; Variations of the Sicilian Hymn, Cornell; Adagio in A flat, from op. 19, Richter; Sonata in A minor, op. 23, A. G. Ritter; Prelude and Fugue in G major, op. 37, Mendelssohn.

Eighteenth, May 29th.—Mr. Eugene Thayer, organist of the Hollis Street Church, Boston. Improvisation; Toccata in F, Bach; Concert Variations on Old Hundred, Eugene Thayer; Romanza, Spark; Fugue on God Save the King, Eugene Thayer; Idyl of the Rose, Eugene Thayer; Variations in A flat, Thiele.

Nineteenth, Saturday, June 5th.—Mr. John Zundel. Overture, Bronze Horse, Auber; Adelaide (arranged for the organ by Mr. Zundel), Beethoven; Introduction and Variations to Bortiniansky's Russian Evening Hymn, J. Zundel; The Cat's Fugue, Scarlatti; Selections from Robert le Diable, Meyerbeer.

Twentieth, June 12th.—Mme. Lillias S. Frohock, of Boston. Prelude and Fugue in G, J. S. Bach; Pastorale, from Men of Prometheus, Beethoven; Offertoire in D, Batiste; Sonata in B flat, Mendelssohn; Largo from Fifteenth Symphony, Haydn; Turkish March from King Stephen, Beethoven; Concert Satz, in C minor, L. Thiele.

Twenty-first, June 19th.—Mr. G. W. Morgan. Overture, Handel; Lindley's ballad, Thou art gone from my gaze, with variations, Morgan; Grand Fugue in G minor, J. S. Bach; Misere, Verdi; May March, Morgan; Extempore Fantasie, ending with the national airs, Morgan.

Twenty-second, June 26th.—S. P. Warren, organist of Grace Church, N. Y., and Miss Matilda E. Toedt, violiniste. Sonata in G major, J. S. Bach; Fugue in E minor, Handel; Sketch in canon form, Schumann; Variations, Thiele; Violin Solo, Elegie, Ernst, Hommage à Handel (arranged by W. T. Best), Moscheles; a. Adagio, Listz; b. Etude, op. 10. (Arranged for the Organ with Pedal Obligato, by Haupt), Chopin; Overture, Tannhäuser, Wagner.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal with Piano Accompaniment.

Sirene Bell. 3. C to g. Weld. 30

A very charming romantic song, the words being from "Our Mutual Friend."

Bright Eyes for me. 2. Eb to g. Rogers. 30

A very pleasing tribute to the starry eyes of "little Daisy." Just the kind of song to be popular

The Old Cottage Clock. 2. F to f. Molloy. 40

Fine cosy ballad, in which the "tick, tick" of "the old timekeeper said 'go to bed'" which was welcome, but also in the morning, "out of bed, out of bed!" which was not so fine.

Put it down to me. Gately. 35

The doings of a young swell who goes everywhere "on tick," quite amusing to him and the audience, but not so much so to his victims in the story.

Instrumental.

Twelve Drawing Room Studies. Kuhn, et al. 40

These are admirable instructive pieces, combining useful exercises in such a way as to ornament the transcriptions of popular melodies, all of which, thus arranged, are quite taking as pieces. Of these, in the present issue, are to be noticed:

Study on Staccato. *Elysie d'Amore.* 4. F.

" Legato. Oft in the stillly night. 4. B.

" Repeated Notes. T'were vain to tell. 3. G.

" the Shake. Robin Adair. 3. F.

" the Scales. Blue Bell of Scotland. 3. G.

" Grace Notes. My Lodging is on. 3. B.

All show good taste in the arrangement. Quite a treat for teachers and learners. The Romance from "Joseph" noticed last time, also belongs to the set.

Idylles Elegantes. Ingraham, each. 40

Bird of the Wilderness. *(L'Oiseau des Bois).*

4. Eb.

Mountain Song. *(Chanson de la Montagne).*

3. C.

The last has a light flowing style, and does not call for much exertion to play it; a good quality in hot weather. The first is an elegant bird song. Both have pleasing melodies.

Carnival of Venice. For Guitar. Hayden. 25

Well-known air, well-arranged.

Shooting Star Redowa. 3. A. Sanderson. 35

Very neat and pretty.

Up in a Balloon Schottisch. 3. G. Roe. 40

The balloon does not yet seem to come down from its elevation in popular favor. A fine schottisch.

Sounds from the Vienna Woods Waltzes. 3. Strauss. 75

Unusually good set of waltzes, introduced by music appropriate to the woodlands; bugle sounds, &c.

Potpouri from La Dame Blanche. Wels. 75

Melodies from this very favorite opera.

Rippling Waves Polka. 3. F. Thurston. 30

Remarkably sweet melody. Don't fail to hear it.

Les Folies. Allegro Galop. 5. Ab. Kettler. 60

May almost be called a young Tarentelle; it is so rapid and full of life. It is, however, too sweet and gliding to merit the title fully.

Books.

THE CHORAL TRIBUTE. By L. O. Emerson. A Collection of New Music for Choirs, Singing Schools and Conventions. 1.50

Stress is laid on the word *new* in the advertisement.

There is really no old music in the book, with the exception of the few Congregational tunes at the end. It contains the usual elementary course, a large number of tunes, and good collection of new anthems and set pieces for practice. Its sale will no doubt immediately mount up among the forty or fifty thousands, like that of its predecessors.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an Arabic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

